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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

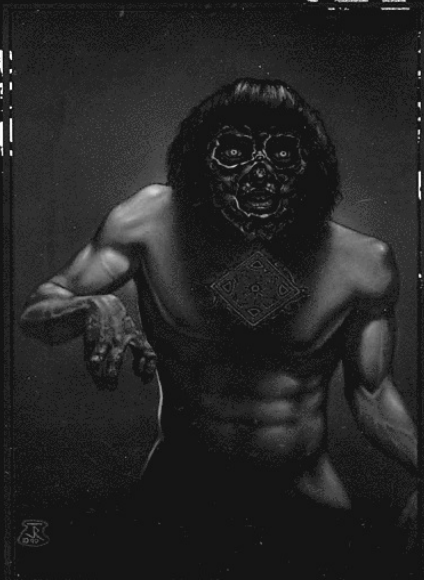
NOW BI-MONTHLY

John Rozum
Mark Texeira

Ron Wolfe
John Van Fleet

Doug Murray
Dwayne McDuffie
Gray Morrow

Larry Wachowski
Joe Barruso





Homecoming
John Rozum
writer
Mark Texeira
artist
Phil Felix
letterer

**Devil's Brigade Part Two:
Haven on Hell Street**

Ron Wolfe
writer
John Van Fleet
artist
James Novak
letterer

Losing Herself in the Part

Doug Murray
plot
Dwayne McDuffie
script
Grey Morrow
artist
Tom Vincent
color artist
Bill Oakley
letterer

**Devil's Brigade Part Three:
Inside the Laager**

Larry Wachowski
writer
Joe Barruso
artist
John Costanza
letterer

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Bankov
1991

FOREWORD

We were halfway through the lot that night, me and Jonathan Fishman, halfway across a short cut to it-really-doesn't-matter-where when we lost sight of civilization.

It was only a few hundred feet from where we stood, on every side of the lot — houses, people. But in the lot, we had forgotten. Pushing past tangled bramble, weaving through a maze of blasted rock and trash, we let a gleeful id toy with us. Watched helpless as conversation turned from the rational (“See that tank top Babs Degrogotti was wearin’?”) to the irrational (“Was that a . . . dog?” “Yeah. Cerebus.”) It was really only over minutes — primeval selves reawakened by the knowing embrace of that pure, rick dark — that we went from college freshmen to capering cave men. Idle talk of lions and tigers and bears — and undead and monsters and Lovecraftian tentacled things — went from a way to pass the time to an unnerving “What if . . . ?” Finally from behind, the crack of a stick breaking, magnified a thousand times into a Satanic starter’s pistol sending us running for the flickering safety of the streetlight too far ahead.

We ran, scared animals, grunts of fear escaping from between clenched teeth, fleeing the fiend we knew came for us. The surface of that hideous lot clung to our soles, trying to slow us just long enough for the horror to grab hold.

Under the best of circumstances, all terror needs to take hold is for the irrational to be made to seem rational. We can do it to ourselves, or in the case of the comic you hold, sit back and watch the blood fly as others do it for us — and to us. Our irrational rationalists: artist Mark Texeira takes time off from Ghost Rider, teaming with writer John Rozum to stage a “Homecoming,” — familial love gone to Hell — and then come back; writers Doug Murray and Dwayne McDuffie lay out an infernal casting couch in “Losing Herself In The Part,” featuring the art talents of Gray Morrow; and The Devil’s Brigade continues with two tales, with Larry Wachowski and Joe Barruso taking us “Inside The Langer” for real world apartheid horrors and in “The Haven On Hell Street” a ripping-good yarn (pun intended) by Ron Wolfe and John Van Fleet (currently at work on Primal, a new Barker-related bestiary coming from Dark Horse).

And the aftermath of that night-of-the-mad-dash? Well, the lot was cleared, a complex of condos erected on the site; appropriately enough, they are collectively known as “Poltergeist Village.” Myself, I’m right here.

And Jonathan? It’s been years since we’ve seen each other, but from where I stood under the flickering streetlight, looking back into the endless night of that lot . . .

. . . I’d say he was dinner.

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor



ONE TALE'S END HERALDS
A NEW OPENING--
AND THE CHANCE OF
ESCAPE FROM HELL'S
DARK PASSAGES--

MOTHER
OF
GOD...

...AND A CATHOLIC
AS WELL... LEVIATHAN WILL BE
PLEASED. DISCIPLINE HAS
ALREADY BEEN INGRAINED
INTO YOUR PSYCHE.

--BUT ONE CHANCE
ONLY; NOT FOR THE
TIRED, OR POOR
OF HEART--

FFFFFFFWHOMP

--BUT FOR THOSE
HUDDLED MASSES
CLUTCHED TO THE
BOSOM OF HELL'S
DESPAIR, THOSE
ACHING FROM THE
PAIN OF REFORMATION
MIXED WITH THE
SWEET TEXTURES OF
INSANE PLEASURE...

...AND YEARNING
TO BE FREE.

...A
MINUTE,
JUST A
MINUTE...

SKRITCH!
SKRITCH!

HONEY,
IS THAT
YOU?

HELLO?

John Rozum
writer
Mark Texiera
with
Jimmy Palmiotti
artists
Phil Felix
letterer





LONG
TIME NO
SEE. WHAT
HAS IT BEEN,
EIGHTEEN
YEARS?

YOU!
WHY ARE
YOU
HERE? YOU
HAVE NO
RIGHT!



I SETTLED
MY SCORE WITH
YOU ALREADY--
A LONG TIME
AGO!

APPARENTLY YOU HAVEN'T
SETTLED THINGS WITH HIM.
OR, MAYBE HE JUST MISSED
YOU. I'M SURE HE HAS A
LOT HE'D LIKE TO TELL
YOU ADAM--OF THE
GIFTS WE'VE GIVEN
HIM IN YOUR
STEAD.

GIFTS
WHICH YOU
ASKED FOR,
BUT WERE SO
WILLING TO
SURRENDER
TO HIM.

PERHAPS
HE WAS
ANXIOUS TO
SHOW YOU THE
BEAUTIFUL
CONSEQUENCES
OF YOUR
DESIRES.



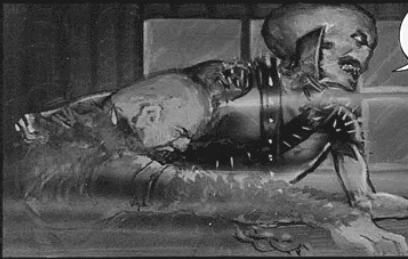
HERE?
WHNNN
WHNN...



WHATEVER THE CASE, MY NORMALLY WELL-DISCIPLINED PET WAS VERY INTENT ON FINDING HIS WAY HOME, TO YOU, THE BROTHER HE LOVED MORE THAN ANYTHING...

THE BROTHER WHO LEFT HIM TO OUR TENDER MERCIES.

GRRRR.
SNARL!!!



I CAN CERTAINLY APPRECIATE HIS GENEROUS DESIRE TO SHARE HIS GIFT WITH YOU, BUT DISCIPLINE IS EQUALLY IMPORTANT, WHERE WE CAME FROM.

I'M AFRAID YOUR FORMER SIBLING IS GOING TO HAVE TO GO THROUGH MORE... RETRAINING... WHEN WE GET HOME.



AND OF COURSE I'LL STILL HAVE TO JUSTIFY THE EXPENSE OF MAKING THIS LONG TRIP...

...SO MY PET AND I WON'T BE GOING BACK ALONE!



OH GOD, PLEASE DON'T
MAKE ME GO BACK WITH
YOU! I DON'T WANT TO
END UP LIKE HIM... I
DON'T WANT
TO GO!

I'VE
CHANGED. I'M
A DIFFERENT
MAN NOW. I
HAVE A WIFE
AND SON,
FOR GOD'S
SAKE.

BUT YOU
SPEAK AS THOUGH
I WERE GOING TO
KILL YOU OR SOME-
THING! I PROMISE YOU,
DEATH IS THE LAST
THING WE WOULD
OFFER... OUR GIFTS
ARE WASTED ON
THE DEAD.

I PROMISE,
YOU'LL NEVER
REACH
DEATH.

BUT IF YOU
STILL FEEL
UNWORTHY, I
SUPPOSE I
COULD OFFER
YOU THE SAME
DEAL AS
BEFORE, IF
YOU'D LIKE.

YES...
YES, PLEASE.
I HAVE...
A BOY...

BENJAMIN,
COME HERE.
I HAVE A
SURPRISE
FOR YOU.

FORGIVE
ME,
BABY...





WELL.

I'M AFRAID THIS ONE
WON'T DO, NOW.
ADAM. DEATH
MAKES HIM USE-
LESS TO US.

SO IT LOOKS
LIKE IT'S
GOING TO BE
YOU AND ME
AFTER ALL.

NO, YOU
OFFERED TO
TAKE HIM!
HERE, HE'S
THE ONE YOU
WANTED, NOT
ME! TAKE
HIM, HE'S
YOURS!



SORRY, ADAM, BUT
YOU KNOW OUR
POLICY ON DAMAGED
MERCHANDISE. WE
LIKE THEM TO COME
BACK WITH US
KICKING AND
SCREAMING.

CAN YOU
KICK, ADAM?
I KNOW
YOU CAN
SCREAM.

PLEASE, I'LL
DO ANYTHING.
MY WIFE WILL BE
HOME SOON,
TAKE HER.

ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS
COME, ADAM. IT'S TIME TO
GO. TIME TO HEAR
YOU SCREAM.



TIME
TO GO
HOME.

THE END





FOOTSTEPS ON THE ICEY
WALK-- LIGHT OF STEP,
LIGHT OF HEART...



LEO IS
GOING TO BE
SO GLAD TO
SEE THIS!



AND 'FESS UP,
MERCER--YOU WANT
FOR HIM TO BE GLAD
TO SEE YOU, TOO



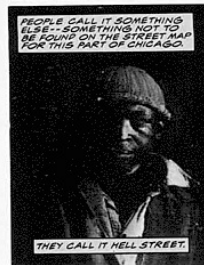
HER NAME IS LISA ANN
MERCER, AND SHE IS TREAT-
ING HERSELF TO A MOMENT'S
BELIEF IN THE GOODNESS
OF LIFE IN MENDED HEARTS.
IN SECOND CHANCES.



IGNORING THE DEATH SONG
OF THE WINTER WIND--



--ON A BROKEN
STREET WITH A
FORGOTTEN
NAME



PEOPLE CALL IT SOMETHING
ELSE--SOMETHING NOT TO
BE FOUND ON THE STREET MAP
FOR THIS PART OF CHICAGO.

THEY CALL IT HELL STREET.



L-LEO?...



HE'S GONE.
FROZEN!--

CALL THE POLICE,
AND... I WANT TO
MAKE A STATEMENT
ABOUT THIS TO THE
NEWS MEDIA.



THE DEVILS BRIGADE PART 3

THE HAVEN ON HELL STREET

"GO TO GRACE, LUTHER. FIND THE HOME WHERE YOU BELONG."

LEO SHABEL GIVES GENTLE VOICE TO WHAT FEW WORDS THERE ARE FOR DEATH IN AN ALLEY--

--A EULOGY WITH THE WIND FOR A CHOIR, AND WITH NO ONE TO MOURN FOR THE LOSS OF ANOTHER OF THE CITY'S LEGION OF THE HOMELESS.

THE POLICE DO THEIR JOB. IT'S A ROUTINE CLEAN UP AND LEO TURNS, DESPERATE FOR SOMETHING OF WARMTH IN HIS LIFE.



HELLO, LEO, I--

LISA ANN! YOU LOOK SO WONDERF--

I MEAN, IT'S BEEN SO LONG. I WOULDN'T HAVE BLAMED YOU IF YOU HADN'T EVER COME BACK THE WAY I'D BEEN BEHAVING--



I HAVE SOME NEWS... GOOD NEWS, LEO.

BUT THIS ISN'T A GOOD TIME TO TELL YOU.

THERE'S NEVER A GOOD TIME-- NOT HERE!--NOT ON HELL STREET.

Ron Wolfe
writer
John Van Fleet
artist
James Novak
letterer

THE STREET HAVEN

THAT MAN--THAT SWEET,
LOST MAN--LUTHER.

HE FROZE TO DEATH
20 YARDS AWAY FROM
THE DOOR TO THE STREET
HAVEN... PROBABLY
BECAUSE HE DIDN'T
WANT TO BOTHER
ANYBODY.

WE CAN'T TALK OUT
HERE, LEO. THE REPORT-
ERS-- ALWAYS THE NEWS
REPORTERS-- LEO, THEY'RE
LISTENING...

PLEASE!
GIVE ME JUST A
MINUTE ALONE,
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK.

THE STR
HAV

I'M LEO SHABEL, I'M
THE DIRECTOR OF THE
STREET HAVEN. I NEED
YOUR HELP.

I WANT PEOPLE TO
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
HERE-- WHAT IT MEANS TO
BE HOMELESS. PENNILESS.
HOPELESS.

YEAH,
STIFF DRINK,
STIFF
DRUNK.

ALL I WANTED WAS TO
BUILD A SHELTER TO SAVE
THE HOMELESS.

THE STREET HAVEN...
I DREAMED OF THIS PLACE
FOR SO LONG. IT'S BECOME
A PART OF ME--

--MAYBE THE
BEST PART, AND YOU
CAN'T RISK LETTING
GO OF IT. NO MAT-
TER HOW MUCH
IT HURTS.

I KNOW. I
FEEL THE SAME
WAY ABOUT THE
THEATER.





AND IT'S
QUITE A
STORY TO
TELL..



I'M GLAD FOR YOU, BUT...
I DON'T THINK A PLAY IS
GOING TO KEEP DEATH
OUT OF THE ALLEY.

YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE
YOURSELF A CHANCE TO
SEE WHAT'S GOOD
IN LIFE, LEO.

THE REPORTERS!--
I TOLD THEM I'D BE
RIGHT BACK.



CALL ME.



"CALL ME!" I CAN'T
BELIEVE I SAID IT--
LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL
WITH A GRUSH.



LEO'S GOT HIS WORK.
I'VE GOT MINE. NO
WONDER WE CAN'T EVER
SEEM TO CONNECT
WE'RE BOTH MARRIED...

LISA ANN MERCER,
TO THIS JOB
I THEE WED.



BUT I WISH I COULD HAVE
TOLD HIM ABOUT THE...

WHAT'S THE WORDS
ELFF TROLL? DWARFF
IT'S STILL SO HARD
TO BELIEVE--

--BUT HE WAS HERE.
ELIAS. HE LEFT A
TRACK IN THE SNOW...
AS IF HE KNEW I'D
BE NEEDING SOME
TOKEN OF PROOF.



BUT EVEN AS SHE WATCHES, THE CHILD-SIZED FOOTPRINT IS OBLITERATED BY THE BLOWING SNOW OF DEATH-DEALING WINTER--



AND SHE IS LEFT TO PROVE THE ELFIN MAN'S EXISTENCE BY THE CLARITY OF HER OWN MEMORY.

A MEMORY OF THE FIRST SIGHT OF HIM--NOT MUCH OVER FOUR FEET HIGH, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, MISS MERCER. I AM ELIAS TRIMBLE.



AH! WHEN I PHONED TO ARRANGE THIS MEETING, I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU SOMETHING MORE ABOUT MYSELF, MY APPEARANCE--



--BUT, YOU SEE,--AH HAVE ALL-WAYS DEPENDED ON TH' KINDNESS OF GOGGLY-EYED STRAAANGERS.

YOU HAVE A PRETTY SMILE.

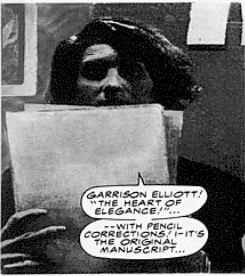


AND, YES, I KNOW OF YOUR FONDNESS FOR THE WORKS OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS--

--AND, MOST OF ALL, FOR THIS GOOD MAN'S WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

A close-up of a hand holding a manuscript. The hand is dark-skinned and has a watch on the wrist. The manuscript is white with some text on it.

YOU'LL SEE THAT
IT'S A ROUGH FIRST
DRAFT, BUT YOU'LL
ALSO SEE THAT IT'S
A WORK OF
BRILLIANCE.

A man with long dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark jacket, is reading a manuscript. He is looking down at the paper.

GARRISON ELLIOTT!
"THE HEART OF
ELEGANCE!"...

--WITH PENCIL
CORRECTIONS! I-I-T'S
THE ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPT...

A man with long dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark jacket, is holding a manuscript. He is looking down at the paper.

IT'S THE ONLY
MANUSCRIPT...AS
UNIQUE AS MYSELF.
THE AUTHOR'S SOLE
REPRESENTATIVE.

A man with long dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark jacket, is sitting at a desk. He is looking down at a manuscript on the desk.

I READ THE NEW
YORK TIMES INTER-
VIEW WITH HIM, JUST
BEFORE HE DIED.

HE TALKED ABOUT
WRITING THIS--TO BE
PERFORMED AT THE
KENNEDY CENTER.

A close-up of a hand holding a manuscript. The hand is dark-skinned and has a watch on the wrist. The manuscript is white with some text on it.

INDEED! BUT IT NEEDS
THE POLISH OF A WORK-
SHOP PRODUCTION
BEFORE THEN.

IT NEEDS YOUR
HAND, MISS MERCER.
YOUR SUBTLE HAND--

A close-up of a hand holding a manuscript. The hand is dark-skinned and has a watch on the wrist. The manuscript is white with some text on it.

YOUR
LOVELY
HAND.



AND IN AFRICA--
CONTINUED PRESSURE
FOR AN END TO APART-
HEID, AND FOR THE
OVERTHROW OF WHITE
LEADER MICHAEL
BECOURCY...



THERE WAS A TIME, I
THOUGHT I COULD SAVE
THE WORLD, ERNIE.

I BELIEVED IN
THE STRENGTH OF
A DREAM--



HAD A GREAT AUNT USED TO
TELL ME--SHE SAID, "A DREAM
WILL FIND A WAY."

WILL
IT?

ALL I KNOW IS...
I'D SETTLE FOR BEING
ABLE TO SAVE A LITTLE
PART OF THIS NEIGHBOR-
HOOD, ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER.

ANOTHER FIGHT TO
RAISE FUNDS, ANOTHER
MARCH, ANOTHER HUN-
GER STRIKE... I'VE GOT
SOME WEIGHT BACK,
I'VE GOT THE
STRENGTH FOR IT.



BUT, MORE AND
MORE, I HAVE THIS
FEAR--

--THAT I CAN'T
EVEN SAVE
MYSELF.



YEAH, WELL... SELF-REDEMPTION'S
ALWAYS BEEN THE HARD PART.

IT TAKES ALL
YOU'VE GOT, PAL,
AND IT TAKES ALL
THE HELP YOU
CAN FIND.



"TELL YOU THIS MUCH, LEO. IF I
KNEW OF A GOOD WOMAN WHO'D
BE GLAD TO HEAR FROM ME--I'D
BE DAMN-STRAIGHT DIALING THE
PHONE."





CORRECTIONS,
STRIKE-OVERS,
TRANPOSITIONS, EVEN
WORDS SPELLED
BACKWARDS! --

IT'S NOT A PLAY,
IT'S A MIND
GAME!

EVERY PAGE...
PROGRESSIVELY
WORSE, HARDER TO
MAKE OUT, BUT I
CAN'T GIVE UP,
HE SAID--



IT'S AN INTRICATE
SCRIPT, FULL OF
MYSTERIES TO SOLVE.
AND IT'S YOURS TO
UNLOCK... IF YOU DON'T
DISAPPOINT ME.



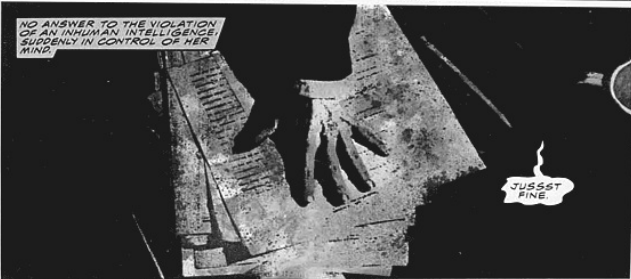
OH!!

SNKK



UM!
PAPER
CUT--

RING
RINGG



AND THE MONSTER HAS A VOICE.
WORST OF ALL--HE HAS A
REASONABLE VOICE.

TRAINED FOR THE STAGE, THIS
VOICE. A DIRECTOR'S DREAM.

SHE MIGHT CAST HIM AS
SHYLOCK, OR AS IAGO.

DROP THE
PHONE.

DON'T
FIGHT ME!

DROP THE PHONE...
AND WE'LL SEE JUST
HOW MUCH HE WOR-
RIES ABOUT YOU.

LISA ANN?
LISA?

HANG ON.
I'LL BE
THERE!--

THE PLAY'S
THE THING.
YES?

AND IT'S
BEEN SUCH A
PUZZLE.

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO MEET THE
AUTHOR?

I COULD ARRANGE IT.
AS A REWARD--

I'VE COME AT YOUR
CALLING. THE PUZZLE
LIES SOLVED.

ALL IT NEEDED
WAS YOUR HAND...YOUR
LOVELY HAND. DOES
IT HURT MUCH?

THE PAGES--
CLEANSED! AND SUCH
RESONANT PROSE!

ALLOW
ME TO READ AN
APPROPRIATE
PASSAGE--

"WITH THESE WORDS,
WITH THESE PAGES, I GIVE
YOU MY LIFE'S BLOOD--I
GIVE YOU MY HEART."

EXIT. CURTAIN. ACT TWO, WITH A CHANGE OF COSTUME.

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN A BIT TOO PRIM, A TOUCH TOO PASSIVE FOR THE ROLE OF THE ROMANTIC HEROINE.

BLUE ISLAND
Community

THERE'LL BE SOME NEW BLOCKING TO LEARN... BEFORE THE LEADING MAN'S ARRIVAL.

SHE CAN FEEL HERSELF MOVE TO THE DEMON'S DIRECTION. BUT SHE IS SHUT AWAY, SOMEWHERE INSIDE HERSELF.

SHUT AWAY... TO FIGHT AGAINST THE GRIP OF AN UNSEEN UNKNOWN-ABLE JAILER.

SHUT AWAY... AND THERE TO REALIZE THAT SHE IS ONLY A BIT PLAYER IN A THEATER OF CRUELTY THAT CENTERS ON LEO, FOR REASONS SHE CANNOT FATHOM...

LEAVING "THE HEART OF ELEGANCE" TO BE RECLAIMED BY ITS RIGHTFUL GUARDIAN.

EH-HH!
HH-HNN!

HNNN!

COULD PAPER SCREAM AT BEING TORN?

ELIAS HEARS. ELIAS KNOWS.

"WITH THESE WORDS, WITH THESE PAGES, I GIVE YOU MY LIFE'S BLOOD..."



FOOTSTEPS ON THE ICY WALK.

FAST. URGENT STEPS.

AND LEO CAN FEEL THE POUNDING OF HIS HEART, DRIVEN BY THE SICKNESS OF CERTAINTY THAT HE WILL FIND SOMETHING GONE TERRIBLY WRONG.



LISA ANN?...



IT'S \$10,000 LEO, MONEY FOR THE SHELTER.



IT'S A WISH COME TRUE.



IT'S A KILL FEE... FOR THAT, UM, LITTLE PLAY WE WON'T BE DOING, AFTER ALL.



I DON'T UNDERSTA--

SHHHHH.

MAKE ANOTHER WISH, MAGIC MAN...



MAKE
ANOTHER
WISH.

WISH FOR WAYS
TO FEED THE HUNGRY,
TO SHELTER THE
HOMELESS LIKE
NEVER BEFORE.

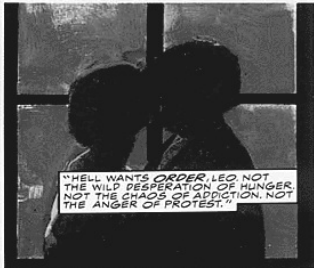
WATCH AND
SEE-- WISHES
COME TRUE.



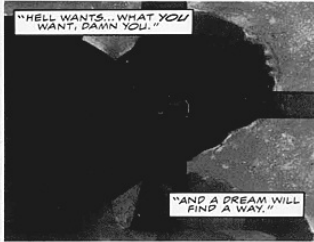
"WISH FOR THE STREETS TO BE SAFE
FROM GANGS--RID OF DRUGS."

"JUST AN ERRANT WISH--"

"YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED."



"HELL WANTS ORDER, LEO. NOT
THE WILD DESPERATION OF HUNGER.
NOT THE CHAOS OF ADDICTION. NOT
THE ANGER OF PROTEST."



"HELL WANTS...WHAT YOU
WANT, DAMN YOU."

"HELL WANTS ORDER."

"HELL WANTS CONTROL."

"AND A DREAM WILL
FIND A WAY."

The End



LOSING HERSELF IN THE PART

SHE'LL
JUST BE
DAMNED.

SHE LAUGHED WHEN
THE FILM'S DIRECTOR,
STEVEN SIGOURNEY,
INVITED HER TO THIS
PRESS SCREENING...

"A HORROR FILM?" SHE
THOUGHT. "GENRE CRAP
BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF
ANY SERIOUS ACTOR.
CERTAINLY BENEATH THE
ATTENTION OF JANICE
BAUER, THE GREATEST
FILM ACTRESS OF OUR
DAY."

AND YET...

SHE'S READ THE GLOWING REVIEWS
OF SIGOURNEY'S LAST FEW FILMS;
THE RAVES FROM KABL, CANBY'S
THINK PIECE IN THE SUNDAY TIMES.
PEOPLE ARE SAYING THAT SIGOUR-
NEY'S WORK HAS TRANSCENDED ITS
GENRE TRAPPINGS. THAT HE IS
POISED ON THE BRINK OF A NEW
KIND OF FILM ARTISTRY...

SIGOURNEY SAYS HE WANTS...
NEEDS HER FOR HIS NEXT
FILM... HE SAYS THAT NO
OTHER ACTRESS CAN PLAY
THE ROLE.

AND SHE FINDS SIGOURNEY'S
FILM, AND THE PROSPECT OF
WORKING ON HIS NEXT ONE...
INTRIGUING.

SHE DOESN'T MIND
ADMITTING IT: SHE'S
ATTRACTED TO
SIGOURNEY.

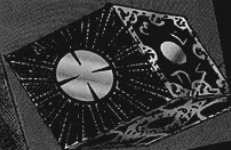
SHE HAS TO ADMIT
IT: SHE'S ATTRACTED
TO THE PROJECT.

SHE'LL JUST
BE DAMNED...

Doug Murray
plot
Dwayne McDuffie
script
Grey Morrow
artist
Tom Vincent
color artist
Bill Oakley
letterer

HER REVERIE IS BROKEN. THE
FILM'S POWER WON'T BE DENIED.
JANICE IS DRAWN IN. DESPITE
HERSELF, SHE REACTS WITH AN
AUDIBLE GASP...

THERE'S THAT BOY, AGAIN. THE CENTRAL IMAGE OF ALL OF SIGOURNEY'S FILMS. THE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF DESIRE, OBSESSION, CONFUSION, PAIN. THERE ARE AS MANY INTERPRETATIONS OF ITS MEANING AS THERE ARE VIEWERS OF THE FILM.



ALL INTERPRETATIONS ARE VALID. ALL ARE POWERFULLY FELT.



THE AUDIENCE FEELS THE CHARACTER'S TORMENT AS IF IT WERE THEIR OWN. WHEN SHE DIES AT THE MOVIE'S CONCLUSION, SOMETHING DIES INSIDE OF THEM ALL.

JANICE IS AWED. THE PERFORMANCE THAT SIGOURNEY GOT OUT OF HIS LEAD... AMY DARE, OF ALL PEOPLE. SHE'S NOT MUCH MORE THAN A MODEL. WHAT COULD STEVEN DO WITH JANICE?

STEVEN SIGOURNEY SHUDDERS BRIEFLY AT THE PLEASURE HE RECEIVES FROM HIS AUDIENCE'S APPLAUSE.



A ROOM FULL OF JADED FILM REVIEWERS, AND THEY'RE CHEERING LIKE THE HOME TEAM THAT JUST WON THE PENNANT.

HE HOOKED 'EM. REELED 'EM IN. WON THEM OVER.



HE ACCEPTS THE APPLAUSE AS HIS DUE, BUT THE RUSH IS ALREADY GONE.



HE'S READY
FOR HIS NEXT
CONQUEST.

TELL ME
YOU LOVED IT,
JANICE.

I DIDN'T
HATE IT. THERE'S
DEFINITELY
SOMETHING
THERE. DAMNED
IF I KNOW
WHAT.

BE IN MY NEW
FILM, JANICE. WITH
YOU STARRING.
IT WOULD BE MY
MASTERPIECE.

I
DON'T
KNOW...

YES, YOU DO. YOU'RE
THE ONLY WOMAN FOR
THIS ROLE. YOUR ENTIRE
CAREER HAS BEEN A
TRIUMPH OF
REVELATION.

BUT WHEN I LOOK
AT YOU, I SEE... DEPTHS
UNIMAGED. THERE'S
STILL SOMETHING INSIDE
OF YOU THAT YOU'VE
YET TO REVEAL --

STEVEN! AND JANICE
BURY? YOU SIGNING
HER UP FOR THE NEW
FILM?

I'M TRYING.
AMY LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE
GOT A HIT!
ARE YOU
READY FOR
THE
PUBLICITY
TOUR?

YES, I AM. THE
SHOOT WAS SO
ROUGH, I ALMOST
CONSIDER THE TOUR
TIME OFF FOR GOOD
BEHAVIOR.

ISN'T SHE
WITTY? SHE'LL
BE GREAT ON
CARSON.

I'LL CATCH
UP WITH YOU
GUYS LATER. I'VE
GOT AN ACTRESS
TO ENTICE.



I'M SORRY, JANICE. WHAT WAS I SAYING?

SOMETHING ABOUT WANTING TO PLUMB MY DEPTHS?

OF COURSE HOW RUDE OF ME TO FORGET...



SERIOUSLY, JANICE. PLEASE CONSIDER MY OFFER. LOOK AT THE SCRIPT TONIGHT AND WE'LL TALK AGAIN TOMORROW.

FAIR ENOUGH. GOODNIGHT, STEVEN.

OH, YEAH. THIS COULD GET TO BE ALL SORTS OF INTERESTING.



THE NEXT DAY...

I READ THE SCRIPT, STEVEN, AND I WAS UP ALL NIGHT THINKING ABOUT IT. I'M SORRY, IT'S BRILLIANT, BUT I CAN'T PLAY IT.

CAN'T OR WON'T?

CAN'T. THE MAIN CHARACTER IS FASCINATING. BUT I DON'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST HANDLE ON HER CHARACTER. THERE'S NOTHING IN MY EXPERIENCE THAT EVEN BEGINS TO PARALLEL HER OBSESSIONS. AND I'VE NEVER FELT A FRACTION OF HER PAIN.

YES, YOU HAVE. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT MY FILMS ARE ALL ABOUT. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT AUDIENCES ARE RESPONDING TO. WHAT YOU'RE RESPONDING TO.

WE SUPPRESS SENSATION. WE ONLY LET OURSELVES FEEL A FRACTION OF OUR CAPACITY. THE OBSESSION. THE PAIN IS INSIDE YOU. YOU JUST HAVE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH IT.

HOW DO I DO THAT? YOU WANT TO TIE ME UP AND SLAP ME AROUND?

MAYBE LATER. BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN DOING WITH ALL OF MY ACTORS. I'D LIKE TO TRY IT WITH YOU.

MAYBE LATER. BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

I'LL KEEP MY CALENDER OPEN. WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO FOR ME IS TRY A LITTLE... ACTING EXERCISE.

AND IN YOUR FILMS, EACH SHAPE REPRESENTS SOME EMOTIONAL STATE.

THIS IS A LEMARCHAND PUZZLE BOX. YOU'VE SEEN THEM IN MY FILMS.

IT CAN BE MANIPULATED INTO ALL SORTS OF DIFFERENT SHAPES. EACH SHAPE HAS A NAME.

RIGHT. I WANT YOU TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE, GET IT TO MATCH THE SHAPE IT WAS IN AT THE END OF THE FILM. THAT'S CALLED THE SHAPE OF PAIN.

WHAT'S
THE
POINT?

THE POINT IS THAT
YOU'LL HAVE TO CONCENTRATE
DEEPLY, BOTH ON THE
PUZZLE, AND ON THE EMOTIONAL
STATE IT REPRESENTS.
BY THE TIME YOU'VE SOLVED
IT, YOU'LL EMPATHIZE FULLY
WITH YOUR CHARACTER. I
PROMISE YOU.

I WANT TO
WARN YOU, THOUGH.
THIS ISN'T A GAME.
IT'S A POWERFUL AND
EFFECTIVE ACTING
TOOL, AND IT WILL
ALTER YOUR PERCEPTIONS
RADICALLY.

I DON'T WANT
YOU TO TURN DOWN
THE PART UNTIL YOU
TRY THIS. BUT IF IT
BECOMES TOO INTENSE,
PROMISE ME YOU'LL STOP.

OH, SAVE THE PITCH,
STEVEN. YOU'VE HOOKED
ME, I'M GOING TO GIVE
IT A TRY. I'LL CALL
YOU SOON.

THE SHAPE
OF PAIN,
JANICE.

YOU BETCHA.

... I'LL HAVE
ANOTHER ONE FOR
YOU VERY SOON ...
THAT'S RIGHT
THE STANDARD
DEAL ...

WITHIN MOMENTS OF ATTACKING THE PUZZLE, JANICE'S FLIPPANCY HAD FADED. THE BOX IS ABSOLUTELY ABSORBING. AND HOURS LATER, SHE'S STILL ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE IT.

OKAY, NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE. THIS PART OBVIOUSLY SLIDES UNDER HE --

--OW!!--

EDGE IS LIKE A RAZOR. IS THAT DEEP ENOUGH TO NEED STITCHES?

UNLESS THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF LAME SENSE-MEMORY--

ALTHOUGH I REALLY DON'T THINK THE KEY TO THE CHARACTER IS UNDERSTANDING HOW SHE'D REACT TO AN "OWIE."

GUESS NOT BETTER WASH IT, THOUGH. GUESS STEVEN WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING: I'M LEARNING ABOUT PAIN.

SHHRAK

ZDALLZ



--EXERCISE.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
HOW'D I GET
HERE? MAYBE
I DOZED
OFF...

YEAH,
THIS MUST
BE SOME
KIND OF
LUCID
DREAM.

NO! STAY
AWAY FROM ME!
WAKE UP,
JANICE! WAKE
YOURSELF--

--UP?

SHE'D BARELY CLEARED
THE SLEEP FROM HER
EYES WHEN SHE AGAIN
PICKED UP THE BOX...

HUH?!

MISS
BAUR?

I'M A BIG
FAN OF YOURS, MIGHT
I TROUBLE YOU FOR
AN AUTOGRAPH?

A FEW DAYS LATER,
OUTSIDE JANICE'S
APARTMENT...

HEY, IN
THERE! DID
YOU OVER-
SLEEP?

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JAN? IT'S ME!



PETER? IT
CAN'T BE
THURSDAY
ALREADY...

NOTHING.
I'M PREPARING
FOR A ROLE.

I CAN'T STOP
NOW, PETER.
I'M SO CLOSE.
SO VERY CLOSE...

JAN, WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
YOU? WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOUR HANDS?



GOTTA
TAKE A RAIN
CHECK OKAY
PETER BLESS
YOU YOU'RE
A DOLL!



CALL ME!



SO CLOSE. IF I COULD
REST FOR A MOMENT, SLEEP
FOR A WHILE, THEN START
AGAIN FRESH.

BUT I CAN'T
PUT THE BOX
DOWN.

WHY
CAN'T I
PUT THE
BOX
DOWN?

PERHAPS BECAUSE
YOU ARE OBSESSED.

WHAT ELSE WERE
YOU TRYING TO
PREPARE FOR? I'VE
FORGOTTEN.

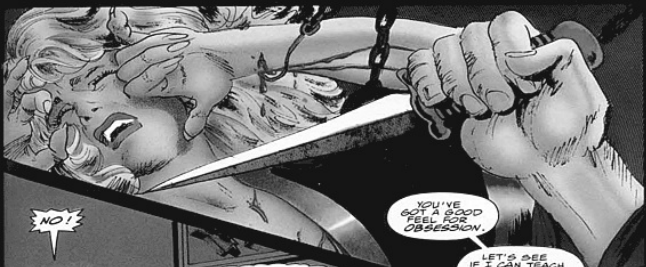
STEVEN...?

THE EXERCISE.
JANICE. REMEMBER?
YOU SAID THE CHAR-
ACTER WAS DRIVEN
BY OBSESSION
AND PAIN!

AHHHHH!

YOU'RE
DRIFTING,
JANICE. TRY
AND CONCENTRATE.

OH, GOD...



NO!

YOU'VE
GOT A GOOD
FEEL FOR
OBSESSION.

LET'S SEE
IF I CAN TEACH
YOU A LITTLE
SOMETHING ABOUT
PAIN ...

IT WAS JUST
ANOTHER DREAM.
I'M UNRAVELING.
THIS HAS GOTTA
STOP. IF --

--THE
BOX --



IT'S IN
THE SHAPE
OF PAIN!

I'VE
DONE
IT!





OH, GOD.
NO. THIS CAN'T
BE REAL...

DEPENDS ON
YOUR DEFINITION.
WE'RE MAKING
MOVIE MAGIC.

OF COURSE
IT'S REAL!

WHAT
MORE CAN
I DO, JANICE?
EVERYTHING'S
IN PLACE--

EMOTE,
WOMAN.
YOU'RE
WASTING
FILM.

STEVEN,
PLEASE!
HELP ME!

--WHY
DON'T YOU
JUST PRETEND
YOU'RE IN
PAIN?

NO. NO. NO.
NO. NOT REAL.
JUST A DREAM.
WAKE UP. WAKE
UP. WAKE UP.
WAKE UP...

C'MON, JANICE, DIG DEEP. GIVE ME MORE TERROR.

NOT DOING IT FOR ME THERE, JANICE... BOYS? YOU MIND GIVING HER A LITTLE... MOTIVATION?

WAKE UP, WAKE UP, WAKE UP, WAKE UP, WAKE UP, WAKE UP...

THANKS. I WANT THIS TO BE THE PERFORMANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

SHE TRIES TO RETAIN HER SANITY BY PRETENDING IT'S ANOTHER DREAM.

BUT DESPITE HERSELF, SHE REACTS WITH AN AUDIBLE GASP, AND THEN SHE SCREAMS...

A SCREAM THAT ECHOES MONTHS LATER AT THE WORLD PREMIERE OF STEVEN SIGOURNEY'S NEWEST FILM, "THE SHAPE OF PAIN."



HE'S OUTDONE HIMSELF THIS TIME - THE AUDIENCE IS STUNNED. AND SO IS THE STARLET WHO SITS BESIDE HIM.



TELL ME YOU LOVED IT, MARIE.

I DID! YOU'RE A GENIUS! THEY'RE ALREADY TALKING ABOUT ANOTHER OSCAR FOR JANICE!



I'D DO ANYTHING FOR A ROLE LIKE THAT!

HOW VERY INTERESTING. HOLD THAT THOUGHT, WOULD YOU? THERE'S JANICE AND GEORGE.



JANICE! GEORGE! READY FOR THE PUBLICITY TOUR?

YOU KIDDING? SHE'S CHOMPING AT THE BIT!



THAT'S TERRIFIC. I'LL CATCH UP TO YOU GUYS LATER. OKAY? I'VE GOT AN ACTRESS TO SIGN UP...

End

"BLOOD RIVER. FIVE HUNDRED AFRIKANERS
AGAINST TEN-THOUSAND ZULU WARRIORS.
WHEN IT WAS OVER, THE ZULU ARMY BROKEN,
THREE THOUSAND OF THEM LAY DEAD. WE
LOST ONLY THREE."

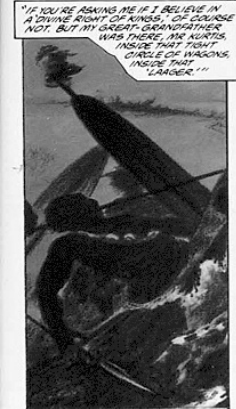
"IT WAS A MIRACLE."

"YOU SEE, MR. KURTIS, THE AFRIKANER
BELIEVES GOD GAVE HIM VICTORY THAT
DAY. THAT GOD GAVE HIM THIS LAND."

"IS THAT WHAT YOU
BELIEVE, MINISTER
SCHOEMAN?"



"IF YOU'RE ASKING ME IF I BELIEVE IN
A 'DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS,' OF COURSE
NOT. BUT MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER
WAS THERE, MR. KURTIS,
INSIDE THAT TIGHT
CIRCLE OF WAGONS,
INSIDE THAT
'LAGER.'"



"I'VE HEARD THE STORY SO
MANY TIMES, SOMETIMES
I THINK I WAS THERE
MYSELF."

INSIDE THE LAGER

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE PART 2

Larry Wachowski
writer
Joe Barnuso
artist
John Costanza
letterer



PIETER SCHOEMAN, THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR OF VOLKSLAND WAS A MODERATE, CONSIDERED TO BE WALKING A DELICATE LINE BETWEEN THE CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL PARTIES OF PARLIAMENT.

HE WAS ALSO CONSIDERED TO BE THE CLOSEST TO THE EAR OF THE PRIME MINISTER, MICHAEL DECOURY.

ALL THE QUESTIONS I HAD FOR HIM HAD BEEN BURNING IN MY GUT FOR WEEKS.

ARE YOU STILL FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF BLOOD RIVER, MINISTER SCHOEMAN? IS THAT HOW ONE MIGHT EXPLAIN APARTHEID?

AHH, YES. APARTHEID. ARE AMERICANS EVER INTERESTED IN ANYTHING ELSE? OUR RICH CULTURE? OUR INDUSTRIAL AND TECHNOLOGICAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS?

WOULD YOU RATHER I ASKED YOU ABOUT THOSE THINGS?

I IMAGINE IF I WERE YOU, I SURE WOULDN'T LIKE TALKING ABOUT APARTHEID.

ARE YOU AMERICANS SO PROUD OF YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS THAT YOU FORGET YOUR OWN PAST?

LISTEN, MR. MINISTER, I'M NOT CASTING THE FIRST STONE. I DIDN'T COME HERE TO JUDGE YOU. I'M JUST A REPORTER, TRYING TO UNDERSTAND HOW AN ADVANCED CULTURE, A WESTERN-CIVILIZED COUNTRY, CAN ACCEPT SOMETHING AS INHUMAN AS APARTHEID.

IF APARTHEID IS SO INHUMAN, MR. KURTZ, WHY ARE SO MANY NATIVE AMERICANS STILL LIVING ON RESERVATIONS?

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE AMERICA WOULD BE LIKE TODAY IF THE AMERICAN INDIAN POPULATION OUTNUMBERED YOUR COUNTRY'S ENTIRE PRESENT POPULATION, 5 TO 1? WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY WOULD DO? REMAIN ON THEIR LITTLE RESERVATIONS? WHAT WOULD YOUR GOVERNMENT DO? GIVE THE LAND BACK?

YOU SEE, MR. KURTIS, WE ARE NOT ASKING YOU TO UNDERSTAND. ALL WE ARE ASKING FOR IS PATIENCE. ONLY THE AFRIKANER CAN REALLY UNDERSTAND.



"THEN TELL ME, MINISTER SCHODMAN, TELL ME SOMETHING OF THIS COUNTRY AND ITS LEADER. TELL ME WHY WILLIAM CHARULA WAS RELEASED FROM PRISON AFTER THIRTY-FOUR YEARS. WAS IT ECONOMIC? POLITICAL? OR DID THE PRIME MINISTER DO IT BECAUSE HE NO LONGER BELIEVED IT WAS RIGHT."

WILLIAM CHARULA SERVED HIS TIME IN PRISON FOR THE CRIMES HE WAS CONVICTED. THERE ARE THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT HE SHOULD HAVE NEVER BEEN RELEASED.

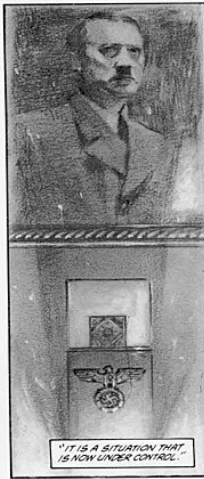
YES, ABOUT THAT--HOW DID THOSE DEMONSTRATIONS AFFECT THE PRIME MINISTER?



"BUT THE DEMONSTRATIONS, THE VIOLENT OPPOSITION, CAN BE TRACED TO A SMALL, RADICAL FACTION, NOT DISSIMILAR TO THE NEO-NAZI MOVEMENT GROWING IN YOUR COUNTRY."



"THERE IS ALWAYS OPPOSITION TO REFORM."



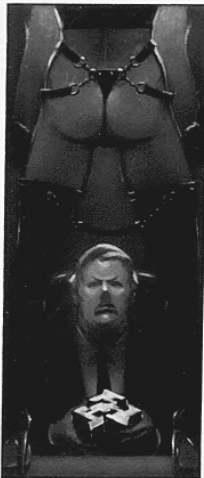
"IT IS A SITUATION THAT IS NOW UNDER CONTROL."

BUT, THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE DRAMATIC
RISE IN A CONSERVATIVE PARTY THAT FAVORS
A RETURN TO STRICT APARTHEID?

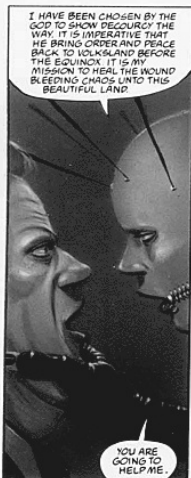


FEAR,
MR. KURTIS...
SIMPLE FEAR.

"IT APPEARS THAT
PRIME MINISTER
DEGOURCY IS STANDING
AT A CROSSROAD--"



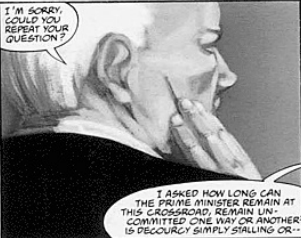
I HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY THE
GOD TO SHOW DEGOURCY THE
WAY. IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT
HE BRING ORDER AND PEACE
BACK TO VOLKSLAND BEFORE
THE EQUINOX. IT IS MY
MISSION TO HEAL THE WOUND
BLEEDING CHAOS INTO THIS
BEAUTIFUL LAND.



YOU ARE
GOING TO
HELP ME.



MINISTER
SCHNEIDER?
...MINISTER
SCHNEIDER!



I'M SORRY,
COULD YOU
REPEAT YOUR
QUESTION?

I ASKED HOW LONG CAN
THE PRIME MINISTER REMAIN AT
THIS CROSSROAD, REMAIN UN-
COMMITTED ONE WAY OR ANOTHER?
IS DECOURCY SIMPLY STALLING OR--



LISTEN TO ME MR. KURTIS--THE PRIME
MINISTER *IS* COMMITTED. ABOVE ALL, HE
IS COMMITTED, LIKE MYSELF, TO
RESTORING ORDER AND PEACE TO OUR
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY. NOW, IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE ME...

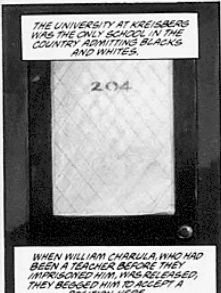
AFTER COVERING THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION'S
CONFERENCE ON AIDS, I HAD BEEN OFFERED THE FOLLOW-
UP ASSIGNMENT IN NAIROBI WHERE THEY HAD RECENTLY
MADE SOME MAJOR BREAKTHROUGHS.

THE PROBLEM WITH THE AIDS STORY IS THAT IT SEEMS THAT
THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY IS OFTEN MORE CONCERNED
WITH WHO WILL GET THE CREDIT THAN THE ACTUAL CURE.

WHEN I WAS INVITED HERE TO WITNESS THE JULY 4TH
CELEBRATION COMMEMORATING UGANDA'S INDEPENDENCE
FROM THE BRITISH EMPIRE I THOUGHT HERE, HERE WAS A STORY.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, AFRICANS WERE GOING TO BE
ALLOWED INTO DECOURCY MEMORIAL PARK AS A SYMBOL
OF THE GOVERNMENT'S CONTINUED REFORM OF ITS
PAST APARTHEID POLICIES.

MY PROBLEM NOW WAS THAT I'D BEEN HERE ONLY A
FEW HOURS AND I COULD SENSE THAT THERE WAS
MORE TO THIS FIGHT THAN GOOD GUYS AND BAD GUYS.



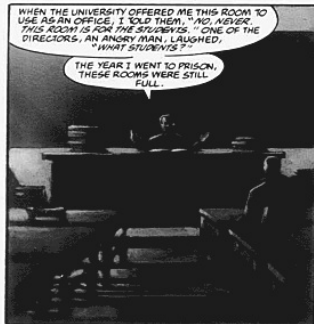
THE UNIVERSITY AT KREISBERG
WAS THE ONLY SCHOOL IN THE
COUNTRY ADMITTING BLACKS
AND WHITES.

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WHEN WILLIAM CHARULA, WHO HAD
BEEN A TEACHER BEFORE THEY
IMPRISONED HIM, WAS RELEASED,
THEY BEGGED HIM TO ACCEPT A
POSITION HERE.



AH, MR. KURTIS,
I PRESUME PLEASE,
COME IN. SIT DOWN.



WHEN THE UNIVERSITY OFFERED ME THIS ROOM TO USE AS AN OFFICE, I TOLD THEM, "NO, NEVER. THIS ROOM IS FOR THE STUDENTS." ONE OF THE DIRECTORS, AN ANGRY MAN, LAUGHED, "WHAT STUDENTS?"

THE YEAR I WENT TO PRISON, THESE ROOMS WERE STILL FULL.



TODAY 80% OF THE YOUTH OF MY PEOPLE CANNOT READ A SINGLE PAGE IN ANY OF THESE BOOKS. 40% CANNOT WRITE THEIR OWN NAMES.

YOU CAME HERE TO SPEAK WITH ME BECAUSE I AM CONSIDERED ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE AFRICAN MOVEMENT.

I AM SORRY, MR. KURTIS, BUT YOU ARE WASTING YOUR TIME. THE MOVEMENT I LEAD, FAILED A LONG TIME AGO.



"I HAD ALREADY BEEN EDUCATED WHEN APARTHEID BEGAN. I HAD READ AND BELIEVED IN THE TEACHINGS OF GANDHI, REJECTING VIOLENCE. MY MOVEMENT BEGAN WITH A SERIES OF SILENT MARCHES AND SIT-DOWN STRIKES."

"WE WERE NOT PREPARED FOR THE AGGRESSION OF OUR GOVERNMENT."



"WE WERE NOT SOLDIERS. WE DID NOT WANT A WAR."



"IN THE END WE HAD HELD TO OUR BELIEFS, OUR PRINCIPLES."

"BUT ALL WE HAD REALLY DONE WAS LEFT A DEEPER AND BLACKER HOLE FOR OUR CHILDREN TO CLIMB OUT OF."

ARE YOU SAYING THAT
YOU ADVOCATE
VIOLENCE NOW?

NO. I AM SAYING THAT A
NEW GENERATION, RAISED UNDER
APARTHEID, IS FIGHTING THE ONLY
WAY THEY EVER LEARNED HOW.

"I AM TRYING TO TELL YOU MR. KURTIS, THAT
THIS NEW MOVEMENT HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH
ME. IF YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND IT, YOU
MUST GO TO THE BLACK TOWNSHIPS.

"YOU MUST TALK TO THE COMRADES.
THIS IS THEIR MOVEMENT. THEIR FIGHT."

"BUT THEY'VE LISTENED TO YOU. THEY RESPECT
YOU. CAN'T YOU MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND THAT
THEIR VIOLENCE IS UNDERMINING THE REFORMS,
FORGING DECOURCY INTO A DIFFICULT POSITION--"

"INTO A 'LARGER'? NO. IT IS TOO LATE. THE
GOVERNMENT HAD ITS CHANCE TO TALK. I WAS
THAT CHANCE. NOW THEY MUST DEAL WITH THEIR
CHILDREN, THE CHILDREN OF APARTHEID, WHO
THEY THEMSELVES TAUGHT NOT TO TALK BUT TO
USE A FIST, OR A CLUB, OR A GUN."

THEN YOU BELIEVE THAT
WAR IS COMING?

UNDERSTAND THAT THESE
YOUNG AFRICANS HAVE NOTHING;
NO HOME, NO EDUCATION, OFTEN
NO FAMILY. WHAT LIFE IS THERE
FOR THEM IN THE FUTURE?

THESE REFORMS, IF DECOURCY HAS THE
STRENGTH TO STAND BY THEM, ARE NOT
FOR THE COMRADES, THEY ARE FOR THE
GENERATION THAT MUST SURVIVE THEM.

ALL THAT WE CAN HOPE IS
THAT ONCE THE WAR BEGINS, IT
IS OVER QUICKLY AND THAT SOME-
HOW THE BLOOD, THE VIOLENCE
WILL BE CATHARTIC AND WE
WILL MOVE ON.

ALL WE CAN DO IS PRAY THAT
ONE DAY SOON THIS ROOM
WILL AGAIN BE FULL



I NEED A
DRINK.



WELL, WELL. MR. MIGHTY
AMERICA. FIND SOME CRYING,
NAKED KAFFIR BOY TO TAKE
SOME PICTURES OF?

KLAUS WAGNER, A LIEUTENANT IN
THE NATIONAL SECURITY FORCE, HE
HAD BRIEFED ME THIS MORNING
ON WHAT AREAS WERE "OFF-
LIMITS." A FEW MILITARY SITES
AND ALL THE BLACK TOWNSHIPS.



YOU DON'T LIKE THE WORLD PRESS,
DO YOU KLAUS? BUNCH OF
FOREIGNERS WATCHING YOU--

BUNCH OF
GODDAM
PARASITES!

WHY DON'T YOU GO
HOME AND TAKE
SOME PICTURES OF
THE JUNKIES
WALKING YOUR
STREETS

WE DON'T HAVE A
DRUG PROBLEM HERE
BUT ARE WE OVER THERE
SCREAMING TO THE
WORLD: "LOOK! LOOK
EVERYONE--SEE WHAT
A SCREWED UP BITCH
AMERICA IS!"?



YOU KNOW, KLAUS, YOU'RE
RIGHT. I'VE BEEN A REPORTER
FOR 27 YEARS AND I'M THE
FIRST TO ADMIT IT: AMERICA
IS SCREWED UP.

SO DID IT EVER OCCUR
TO YOU THAT MAYBE
WE'RE NOT HERE TO
HUMILIATE YOU. MAYBE
WE'RE HERE TO LEARN
SOMETHING.



YOU AIN'T LEARNING
NOTHING TAKING PICTURES
OF SOME CRYING KAFFIR

ALL YOU AND THE
REST OF YOU
FOREIGN REPORTERS
DO IS MAKE THINGS
WORSE.

YOU KEEP ADDING
HEAT TO A BOILING
POT, PRETTY SOON
THAT POT'S GONNA
BOIL OVER.



HOW HOT IS IT,
KLAUS? HOW LONG
TILL IT BOILS
OVER?

SHIT, YOU WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT HEAT, YOU
TRY DRIVING IN ONE OF
THE TOWNSHIPS AT
NIGHT.

THEY DUG THESE
TRENCHES, COVER THEM
REAL WELL, AND WHEN
ONE OF OUR CRUISERS
CRASHES IN ONE THEY
HIT IT WITH FIVE OR SIX
FIRE BOMBS

BURNED A BUDDY OF MINE
SO BAD ALL WE BURIED
WAS SOME CHARRED
BONES.



DID YOU CATCH
THE ONE WHO
DID IT?



OH YEAH, WE GOT
A COUPLE OF
THEM.



"SEE, THE KAFFIR
AIN'T REAL SMART
AND WHAT LITTLE
BRAINS HE'S GOT,
HE KEEPS IN HIS
BALLS."

NOW, I'M GONNA
ASK YOU JUST
ONE MORE TIME--



"ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS...
TUG A LITTLE."



YOU DON'T WANT THE
REFORMS, DO YOU
KLAUS?

YOU WON'T CATCH ME
SAVING ONE WAY OR THE
OTHER. I KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO THOSE
DEMONSTRATORS.

I WILL SAY THIS THOUGH;
LAST YEAR, GOVERNMENT SPENT
ALL THIS MONEY, MY TAX MONEY,
TO BUILD THIS BIG SCHOOL FOR
THE KAFFIR AND WHAT DID
THEY DO? THEY BURNED IT
DOWN. NOW, HOW COULD
ANYONE EVER EXPECT A KAFFIR
TO VOTE RIGHT, IF THEY'RE TOO
DAMN STUPID TO KNOW WHAT'S
FOR THEIR OWN GOOD.

I WAS NAUSEOUS. I HAD SEEN RACISM ALL OVER AMERICA BUT YOU TEND TO FORGET HOW UGLY IT IS UP-CLOSE, STARING YOU IN THE FACE... SMILING.

CHRIST, I WANTED TO TEAR THAT SMILE OFF HIS FACE.

I WAS THINKING ABOUT DECOUROY AGAIN, WONDERING IF HE HAD A SMILE LIKE WAGNER, WHEN THE PHONE RANG.

IT WAS TOM HOLT, THE VOLKSLAND REPORTER WHO HAD MET ME AT THE AIRPORT. I HAD TOLD HIM RIGHT AWAY I HAD NO INTENTION OF BEING LED AROUND LIKE SOME JUNIOR ASS-HOLE. THEN I HAD TOLD HIM I WANTED TO TALK WITH A COMRADE.

I CAN BE THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THE COMRADE I WAS GOING TO MEET, WHO CALLED HIMSELF "DEATH," WAS A RUTHLESS MILITANT, PROBABLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF THE "NECKLACES" IN THE AREA.

THE "NECKLACE" WAS A BRUTAL METHOD OF EXECUTION USED BY THE COMRADES ON OTHER AFRICANS WHO OPPOSED THEM OR THE CAUSE.

THE AIR REEKED OF GARBAGE AND RAW SEWAGE, TRAPPED BENEATH A CHOKING CLOUD OF BURNING OIL. MY EYES BEGAN TO BURN AND I COULDN'T STOP COUGHING.

THE DRIVER POINTED TO THE SHACK AND I GOT OUT ALONE.

I DIDN'T WANT TO BE AFRAID. I FIGURED I WAS ON THEIR SIDE, BUT I WAS WHITE. WHY SHOULD THEY TRUST ME?

HE WAS A BOY, NOT THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

WERE MY HANDS SHAKING BECAUSE I TRUSTED THEM?

ONCE INSIDE, I FELT BETTER, UNTIL I SAW THE COMRADE, THE "RUTHLESS MILITANT," I WAS GOING TO INTERVIEW.

"DEATH" WAS ONLY A CHILD.



THE DRIVER, WHO WAS FROM THE TOWNSHIP LAUGHED, "DON'T WORRY, YOU GET USED TO IT."





THANK YOU FOR SEEING ME. I REALIZE IT IS DANGEROUS FOR YOU.

I CANNOT STAY LONG.

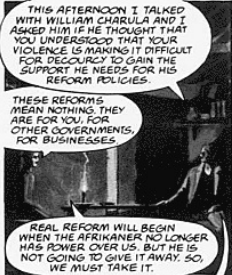
I UNDERSTAND.



YOU'RE PARENTS, DO THEY--

MY PARENTS DIED FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE BREAD RIOTS. I SAW THEIR BODIES BULLETTWOED INTO A PIT WITH THE REST OF THE DEAD.

HIS VOICE WAS AS BLANK, AS LIFELESS, AS HIS EXPRESSION. HE SEEMED UNREAL, LIKE A VENTRILOQUIST DOLL, HIS EYES STARING AT ME, UNBLINKING, HIS FACE FROZEN EXCEPT FOR THE MOVEMENT OF HIS MOUTH.



THIS AFTERNOON I TALKED WITH WILLIAM CHARULA AND I ASKED HIM IF HE THOUGHT THAT YOU UNDERSTOOD THAT YOUR VIOLENCE IS MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR DECOURCY TO GAIN THE SUPPORT HE NEEDS FOR HIS REFORM POLICIES.

THESE REFORMS MEAN NOTHING. THEY ARE FOR YOU. FOR OTHER GOVERNMENTS. FOR BUSINESSES.

REAL REFORM WILL BEGIN WHEN THE AFRIKANER NO LONGER HAS POWER OVER US. BUT HE IS NOT GOING TO GIVE IT AWAY. SO, WE MUST TAKE IT.

BUT WHAT OF THOSE WHO DISAGREE, WHO BELIEVE THAT STARTING A WAR WILL ONLY TEAR THE COUNTRY APART. WILL YOU NECKLACE ALL OF THEM?



"LAST WEEK WE CALLED A STRIKE AT A MINE. ONE MAN CONTINUED TO WORK. WE NECKLACED HIM.

"AS WE TIED HIM, HE SCREAMED AND CRIED, 'I HAVE CHILDREN-- I HAD TO.' THAT MADE ME SO MAD I Poured THE GASOLINE DOWN HIS THROAT MYSELF."



"WE ARE NOT FIGHTING FOR MORE PENNIES. WE ARE FIGHTING TO BE FREE OF THE WHITE TRIBE, TO BE RID OF THE AFRIKANER AND HIS LAWS FOREVER."

"THOSE WHO WILL NOT FIGHT, WHO WILL NOT DEFY DEATH FOR FREEDOM, ARE ALREADY DEAD."



I HAD MADE A MISTAKE. I HAD THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS NOTHING BEHIND THE CHILD'S MASK. THAT HE WAS A LIFELESS SHELL. BUT BENEATH HIS COLD, BLANK EXPRESSION THERE WAS A CORE OF HATE. THIS WAS WHAT APARTHEID HAD CREATED. HATRED SO RAW IT CARED NOTHING FOR LIFE. CHARULA HAD BEEN RIGHT; DECOURCY FACED A NEW GENERATION, A DIFFERENT KIND OF MOVEMENT. HE NOW FACED "DEATH."



JULY 4TH CAME QUICKLY AND I ARRIVED AS I WAS EXPECTED, WITH MY CAMERA READY TO WITNESS THE LATEST "SIGNIFICANT REFORM!"



I DIDN'T GO OUT MUCH AFTER THAT. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. MAYBE WAGNER HAD BEEN RIGHT; THAT I WAS SIMPLY ADDING HEAT TO A BOILING POT.

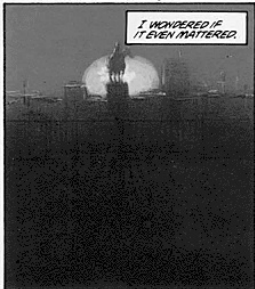
VOLKSLAND, I WROTE, WAS A TICKING BOMB, SET AND PRIMED TO GO. I DIDN'T KNOW HOW DEQUOURY COULD DEFUSE IT BECAUSE I DID NOT THINK IT COULD BE DONE.



THE FEW AFRICANS THAT WERE ALLOWED INTO THE PARK ENTERED THROUGH A TENT WHERE I IMAGINED WAGNER AND HIS MEN SEARCHED THEM. THEN THEY WERE PARADED BEFORE US, BEFORE BEING LED TO THE NEW SET OF STANDS WHICH WERE ACROSS THE FIELD FROM THE RESERVED STANDS.



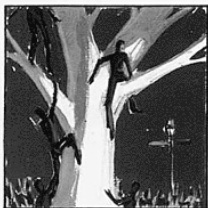
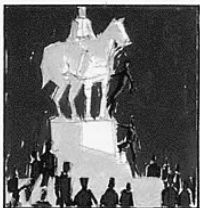
I WONDERED IF DEQUOURY BELIEVED HE WAS GIVING SOMETHING TO AFRICANS, SHARING SOMETHING IMPORTANT, SOMETHING SACRED, BY ALLOWING A FEW OF THEM INSIDE THIS PARK TO WATCH SOME FIREWORKS.



I WONDERED IF IT EVEN MATTERED.



IT WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY DARK BEFORE I BEGAN TO NOTICE THEM.



IT BECAME
SO QUIET.



I COULDN'T BREATHE.
THERE WERE
THOUSANDS OF THEM,
COMPLETELY SILENT,
JUST STARING,
WAITING. NOBODY
MOVED, NOBODY
SPOKE-- ONLY THE
SOUND OF FLAGS
RUSTLING--



--EVERYONE WATCHING,
EYES SHIFTING,
GUTS KNOTTING,
FINGERS ON TRIGGERS,
OVER CAMERA
BUTTONS, POISED,
HELD, WAITING--IT
COULDN'T GO ON--
SOMETHING HAD
TO HAPPEN, HAD TO
GIVE, HAD TO BREAK--



PEOPLE BEGAN TO
CLAP TO "OOOH"
AND "AHHH."

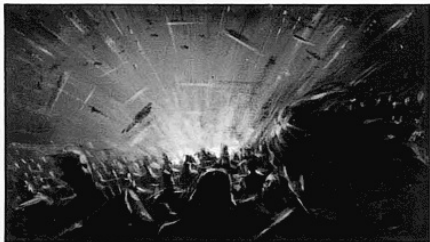
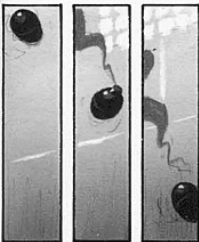


AND THEN I
SAW HIM.



"DEATH."





THE LOUD REPEATING CLAP OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE, THE RUSH AND ROAR OF SPREADING FLAME, THE WAIL OF SIRENS AND THE SCREAMS OF PEOPLE BURNING AND BLEEDING; EVERYWHERE SOUNDS THAT I KNEW WERE PICTURES, FRAMES PER SECOND, EACH TO BE FROZEN BY THE WHITE OF MY CAMERA FLASH.



I WAS ON MY FEET, LIKE THE OTHERS, REFLEX TAKING OVER, CAMERA COVERING MY FACE, WATCHING EVERYTHING THROUGH A VIEWFINDER THAT SAW THINGS IN GLOSSY MAGAZINE COLOR.



BUT SLOWLY I BEGAN TO HEAR THIS OTHER SOUND, LIKE A RUSHING WIND IN MY EAR, A HOWL, GROWING LOUDER, RISING UP, KILLING THE PARK UNTIL I COULD HEAR NOTHING ELSE.

I LOOKED OUT FROM BEHIND MY CAMERA AND I REALIZED IT WAS THEM, THE AFRICANS OUTSIDE; ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND BECOMING A SINGLE VOICE, A SINGLE SCREAM.

IT WAS CHILLING, A SOUND SO FULL OF FORCE AND POWER. IT WAS ZULU.

EVERYONE INSIDE THE PARK KNEW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. NO ONE COULD STOP IT.

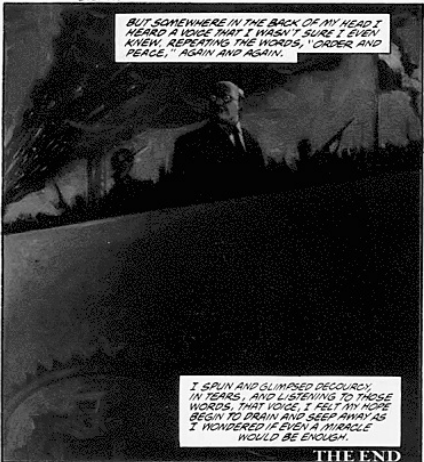
FENCES BUCKLED, GATES BURST AND CHAOS POURED INTO THE PARK LIKE SOME TORRENTIAL RIVER THAT BROKE ITS BANKS.



THIS WAS IT, I THOUGHT. THE LARGER WAS COLLAPSING.



SWEPT INTO THE MAELSTROM, I WANTED TO SCREAM WITH THEM, TO THROW MY CAMERA, TO HELP SMASH AND TEAR DOWN THE NEW STANDS.



BUT SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD I HEARD A VOICE THAT I WASN'T SURE I EVEN KNEW, REPEATING THE WORDS, "ORDER AND PEACE," AGAIN AND AGAIN.

HERE, I THOUGHT, WAS "SIGNIFICANT REFORM." YOU COULD FEEL IT, THE WRENCHING PAIN AND BLOOD OF BIRTH. IT WAS UGLY AND TERRIFYING BUT IT WAS REAL, IT WAS HUMAN. IT WAS THE KIND OF MIRACLE NEEDED TO SAVE THIS COUNTRY.

I SPUN AND GLIMPSED DECOURCY, IN TEARS, AND LISTENING TO THOSE WORDS, THAT VOICE, I FELT MY HOPE BEGIN TO DRAIN AND SEEP AWAY AS I WONDERED IF EVEN A MIRACLE WOULD BE ENOUGH.

THE END





AFTERWORD

We received a head in the mail, the other day.

Actually, it was more than a head; a bust, neatly severed just above the shoulders and affixed loosely to a length of board with a white, milk-colored substance whose composition we wouldn't even guess at. The complexion of the face had a similar milky pallor, tinged blue-grey and forming a snare drum tight skin over the skull underneath. About the head, at mathematically precise intervals, were small nails, each 1/16" thick, inserted directly into the skull.

It reminded me of what I'd seen at my last two horror conventions: the recurring nightmarish graven image of the hero **Hellraiser** made famous, the Vasa Iniquitatus known affectionately as Pinhead, Leviathan's favored son. There were endless versions of him, from wooden heads lined with rows of carpet tacks, to life-size mannequins dressed in full leather regalia.

Of all these, probably the most impressive was a small, quarter-scale plastic model produced by Screamin' Products, Inc., disturbingly accurate down to the tools hung about his waist, marked with the loving liquids of his often messy work. The same company that has now released models of both the Chatterer Cenobite and a life-size model of the Lament Configuration, has plans for more cenobite re-creations in the works. You might want to check one out at your local comic shop, the next time you're buying your three issues of **Hellraiser** — in just two short months.

And, in case I neglected to mention it, the gift of that morning was also a plastic model, albeit a bit more homemade and personalized by one of our newest **Hellraiser** writers, Jim Moore.

Now, before we allow you exit from this journey through our twisted passageways, we have to pay a quick visit to the Moans department, complaints on the right, mistakes to the left. We confess our first — and last — official faux pas, for last issue. It was brought to our attention by ace letterer and star of photos and video, Michael "El Supremo" Heisler that we miscredited last issue's story "The Trainer" to Bill Oakley, when it was, in fact, lettered by El Supremo himself. Our humblest apologies, Mike.

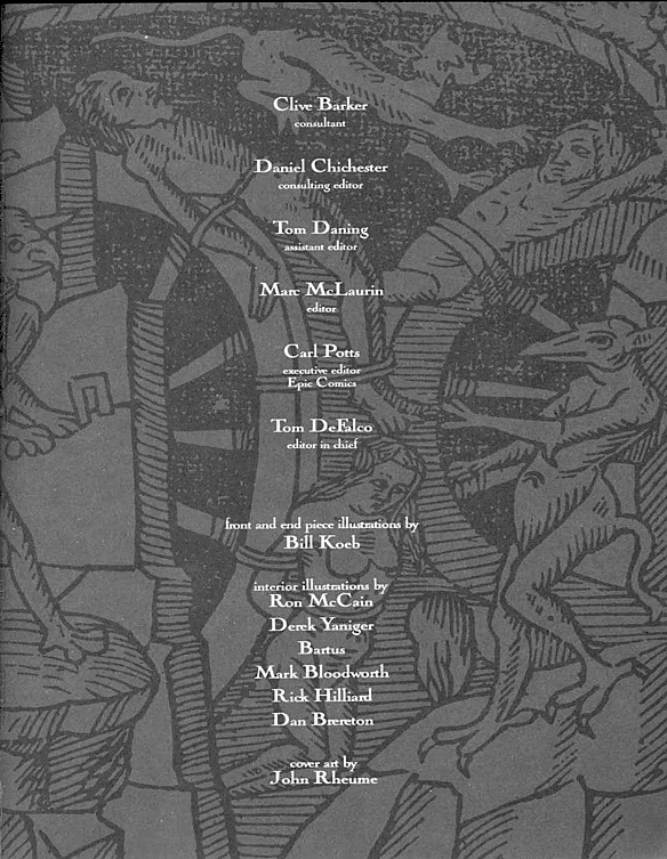
Now go back to your pit, and get to work.

Marc McLaurin
editor



EMERSON

1890



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consultant

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consulting editor

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They say, "All good things to those who wait." But for those impatient souls, we offer Clive Barker's Hell...

Rush to get tickets to a tragedy directed by the Cenobite, Face. Feel your pulse quicken as a demonic pet displays unwholesome affection. Hurry to the audition where an actress loses more than herself in the part. Whisk away a world leader's ideals to find the capering face of atrocity. And join an expedition into the rank legions of the Devil's Brigade.

Well... what are you waiting for?

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